

## I'm from 2010

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**I'm From**  
~ The class of 2010

I'm from my childhood blanket, "Blankie", now in shreds, clawed chairs with tiny holes from cats' claws from the past and present, each one with a memory of a different cat. The tickets under the glass on my dresser to my very first Philadelphia Eagles football game in the always noisy Lincoln Financial Field, cell phone batteries running out and not being able to find the chargers, pictures lined up on shelves and dressers, a grand piano displayed elegantly in the corner. Computers whose keys are constantly clicking, and my room, the reflection of my childhood.

I'm from Luke, the tree that I planted when I moved into my house when I was seven, playing cops and robbers around the whole block on the weekends in Ocean City. Kids wasting hours on snow days trying to create a blue diamond snow slope, holes put in the driveway as the sun melted the tar underneath the kickstand holding the motorcycle up. The small swift creek winding through the forest and the minnows darting to avoid the net, moss growing on the steps leading to the dog's gate, and a creaky swing set with its bee-infested slide.

I'm from chasing hot air balloons on our bikes, trips to Staples for school supplies with my dad every year before school starts. The tree outside my house that I watch change colors and its leaves fall off, the pool where I learned to swim and took my first jump, playing man hunt in the pitch black, not being able to see where I'm going, catching my first lightning bug and being amazed by its bright glow, and the old bridge and creek in the woods where I go to sit and admire the beautiful things around me.

I'm from my mom shaping me into the person I am today, my dad's approval, my friends' embracing arms, and laughing with my cousins every holiday until our ribs crack. Sweet, old, deaf, floppy-eared springer spaniel, Teasel, my loyal brown-eyed girl. Grandmom having funny lipstick incidents in the car, Mimi always taking me shopping whenever she sees me. Aunt Susie who has come to cold Philadelphia from sunny Los Angeles despite the mood-wrecking weather. Little brothers, who invade your privacy, eavesdrop, get away with everything, however, I don't know what I'd do without him.

I'm from, "I love you from the moon all around the stars and back forever and ever and always", "Just pick yourself up and wipe yourself off", "That ball's outta here", the words of the great Harry Kalas, swinging on the swings while my grandmother sings, "You are my sunshine", "Stay on your feet little Z", butterfly kisses after bedtime prayers, and, "I love you, goodnight".

I'm from shoveling down my dad's best tacos on Taco Night, anything that is microwaved by my mom, Dad's famous rootbeer chicken, and the sweet smell of coffee cake that is being made on Christmas day, warm apple pie and vanilla ice cream...every bite must have a little of each. Rocco's fresh homemade breakfast pizza on holidays and before school some mornings, Snapple boxes stacked in recycling and ordering Brown's water ice every day.

I'm from having sand fights and building sand castles on the beautiful beach, the basement where the boxes of old costumes went after the attic was finished, scrapbooks piled in the closet, and cameras at the bottom of my drawer with film yet to be developed. My beat up trumpet, whose keys never work right, ruby slippers holding my memories of my childhood, and birthday parties with pony rides. Pictures and frames gathering dust in the living room where nobody goes for some reason, my heart, full of secret memories where my thoughts really come from. And, most importantly, Montgomery School, my second home where I have spent about one thousand, five hundred days.

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